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The Tri-City Workers Magazine

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THE TRI-CITY WORKERS MAGAZINE

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J. C. GIBSON - - - - - - - - - Editor

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A happy New Year.

Let us make 1906 memorable for Socialist agitation in the three cities.

They tell us, that workingmen do not know enough to make laws. We venture to say that there is not a Socialist in the tri-cities but could write a primary law that any one could understand. The trouble with our laws today is that they are not made to be *understood*, but to be *interpreted*—and that in the interest of the grafters.

An agent of the Standard Oil Company threatened one of the members of the investigating committee with the following: "*We are bigger than the Government. Standard oil is stronger than the United States. We own the Senate and the House. If you pursue your investigations beyond the point necessary to fool the public, we will have you removed. We can secure the instant deposition of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Metcalf and the Commissioner of Corporations, Mr. Garfield. If you persecute us to the slightest degree, you will be out of a job, and if you keep at the business you will find that what we say is absolutely true. Rockefelder is a bigger man than Roosevelt.* Wichita, Kansas, Daily Eagle.—When a Socialist reads the above in a republican paper and reads of Mr. Rogers' defiance of the Missouri Supreme Court, he thinks, "Just what I've been telling the people all the time."

The aim of Socialism is not to secure a few more pennies a a day. We are after the whole works and an unrestricted opportunity to produce and enjoy the fruits of our labor.

Russia continues to bleed, starve and freeze. Japan is also reaping the results of her great victory over Russia. She is starving and freezing. She will bleed later. How long will it take the world to learn the lesson of cause and effect?

William, the Kaiser, is tightening his sword belt preparatory to a final struggle with France. Bebel and the German Socialists will have something to say that may upset the Kaiser's plans. Go slow Billy, your soldiers are not Cossacks, neither are German workingmen Russian Peasants.

The Bourgoise administration of France seems to be at least half willing to try the Emperor one at his favorite game, but the workingmen of France are on the watch. Whatever the outcome of the Moroccoan conference it can scarcely fail to strengthen the hands of the French and German Socialists.

The year 1905 will be remembered, (so the capitalistic publications say) as one of the great years in history. We prophesy that 1906 will go the old year one better. Things are shaping very rapidly for the coming world wide revolution. Capitalism is feebly but rapidly tottering to its grave. Events come and go on the world's stage so rapidly that only one versed in Socialist philosophy, can catch the meaning of the fast shifting scenes.

The following words are taken from a bill introduced by Sen. Hayward in the Legislature of Iowa. "If any person torture, torment, deprive of necessary sustenance, mutilate, overdrive, overload, cruelly beat or cruelly kill any animal or unnecessarily fail to provide the same with proper food, drink, shelter or protection or drive or work the same when unfit for labor. . . . he shall be imprisoned in the county jail not to exceed thirty days or be fined not to exceed $100. We endorse such humane laws as the above, and would recommend a bill in the identical words substituting for person the words "corporation, firm, or other employee" and for the word animal, the words, "child under eighteen years of age or woman" and for thirty days in jail, "not less than three years in the penitentiary."

WORKINGMEN AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BY W. S. FINEBURG

It is commonly understood or felt, and sometimes spoken, that the public library is no place for workingmen. At different times in public places I have been conscious of what you might call a cold reception, a kind of sneer of disgust, which of course is very disagreeable, especially since only the best intentions is meant. Now, I have the very best assurance that you are not only most cordially invited, Mr. Workingman, but that your presence and that your membership book card is desired by the tri-city public libraries. Also a very flattering compliment for the workmen who come and spend their time reading and do not disturb others who may want to read.

Yes, certainly the lot of the workingman is hard and you are all worn out after your day's monotonous toil and you haven't time to go up to the library with your card and get a book; besides you don't know what to read, and all that sort of thing. To all of these excuses I would suggest that if you are dissatisfied, if your lot seems more than you can bear, you must help to save yourself by your own efforts. You must understand the situation and you can't have understanding unless you have information, and you can't get information without an effort.

There is a saying that the price of liberty, "Therefore Happiness" is eternal vigilance. Now, don't you think you have left things to your task-masters and their paid politicians long enough? Have you become so subjected and accustomed to your condition of life that it is impossible to stimulate yourself to an effort to better your condition and to make an agreeable condition for your family? Now, to say that you are satisfied with your own condition and that of the class which you belong to would be to brand yourself as a brute. To say that you have lost all hope would be to say that you have lost all humanity. What should you do. Thow off the lethargy that has made you blind to the question of the hour and to the organization of your class.

Get yourself a library card and get some books on economic, industrial and all social questions. If that is to dry for you, read some of the enormous prophetic fiction which will inspire you with the hope and zeal you are so much in need of.

So you don't like Mr. Carnegie's personality and don't care to

have anything to do with his institutions? So you are not aware that the public library is as much your institution as any ones? Personally, I admire the frankness of Mr. Carnegie, respect his scruples-of-conscience and envy not his wealth. Before the School of Technology (N. Y.) he admitted that he came by his great wealth, not by his own genius, enterprise or smartness, but through his ability to appropriate to his own end the mechanical ability, genius and invention of others. So I take it that Mr. Carnegie and those of his class through the logic of events have accomplished their part of the evolution of industry, and it now remains for the working class to carry on this evolution "to what is commonly called revolution"—to the socialization of all public wealth; to the establishing of the co-operative commonwealth, and this should be done not with bullets but with ballots. To cast an intelligent; class-conscious ballot we must have organization and education.

WHAT IS A SOCIALIST

Translated from the German by FRANK SINGLEMAN

What is a Socialist? 'Tis he
Who tyrants hates, and tyranny
And simple justice asks for each
Proving his trust by deed and speech.

Who loves the truth and ever stands
Steadfast for what he understands
As truth, whether in peace or strife
And gives, if need be, wealth and life.

Who tears the mask from off his face
To show the hypocrite's disgrace
And be the liar low or high
He always calls the lie, a lie.

Who pillories every rogue in scorn
Rich though he be or gentle born
And raises high and bright and free
The flag of truth and liberty.

Who holds the earth whereon we stand
To be his dearest fatherland.
To honest men where'er they be
He gives his hand in greeting free.

He's neither Christian, Jew nor Turk
Nor of their camp, who doubt and shirk
Righteousness is his ouly creed—
Behold a Socialist indeed!

THE JOYS OF XMAS WEEK FOR THE CLERK

"This life is hell," exclaimed a girl coming into the toilet room of one of the large department stores. "More expressive than elegant," yawned another, who was trying to bring back some part of her failing strength by holding her face under cold water. "And what do you think is the latest?" continued the first speaker, sinking wearily into a chair. "We are requested to work doubly hard, put forth our best efforts the next few days in order to dispose of as much stock as possible."

"In other words speed up a little faster, well, if that wouldn't kill you! Girls, when we're all nearly tired to death as it is, and all for three dollars a week—how glorious!" ended another with a bitter laugh.

"But this is nothing to what it was last year, put in one of the older clerks, "Why last Xmas I was so tired that I fainted three times and there wasn't one of the girls but spent nearly the whole day in bed."

"But just think of those poor little cash girls, they look as if they would drop. I just hate to ring for them, but what can you do? I tried running my own checks for a couple of days, until I was caught and informed by the boss that that was what they were here for, so that we could save time and wait on more customers."

"Well, you can all speed up as much as you like," sullenly remarked a little girl whose first experience this had been in clerking, "but for my part I don't go a notch faster, and if the firm doesn't like it, they know what they can do."

"It's all right for you to talk that way. You've got a good home. But when a fellow has to hold on to a job, it's an entirely different proposition."

The indignation meeting here broke up, and the girls went back to their different occupations. Here you have a true picture of the joys of Xmas week for the clerk. Truly, on Sabbath morning they should throw themselves on their knees and thank God for all their blessings, and for the grand opportunity to earn an honest living which this country offers to every willing worker. Do

you wonder that churches are losing their influence when such conditions prevail? But there is no use laying our faults on our Creator, for just as long as workers continue to vote for the old parties, just so long will the present order of things continue, and they have nothing to blame but their own stupidity and cowardice.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

THE REAL VS. THE IDEAL

In the December number of one of our leading magazines I saw this epigram. "Your body is the garden, your soul is the gardner, your birthright is health." Either the writer of these words knows nothing of prevailing social conditions or like many others, he is forced to write something he does not himself believe in order to exist.

"Your body is the garden," owing to the competitive wage-slave system the bodies of the working class is the garden which is tilled and worked by the workers and the harvest thereof goes to the non; producers, for their exclusive use for luxuries and dissipations. Leaving to the workers a scant subsistence and in many cases they endure for a time lingering in death of starvation.

"*Your soul is the gardener,*" It has already become a public secret that the entire wealth of our country is owned or controlled by seventy-two people. These people and other capitalists control the press the universities, the pulpits, and in fact every avenue to which the people may turn for enlightenment. By controling these means of enlightenment they shape public opinion and for the public ideas of morality.

The prevailing capitalistic morality says everything is O. K. Such things as child slavery, drudgery of men and women in office and workshops, the establishment of the age limit, the substitution of women for men, children for women and babies for children as bread winners, the killing and maiming of thousands in our various industries, the poisoning of millions with adulterated food. These things are all right. But it is wrong to talk of abolishing interest, rent, or profit.

Through the taking of interest rent and profit a few have

acquired and continue to ecquire and control the necessities to life of the nation's population. On every American dollar you can read the words, "In God we trust." It may be queer, yet it is a fact that through the dollar, In God we trust. A soul taught to be good one day in the week and to skin the people the other six days must certainly become a good gardner.

"*Your birthright is health.*" How is it possible to maintain health, when almost all food sold is adulterated for the sake of gain? When the food we eat kills animals in a short time as is proven by experiments conducted by medical institutes? How can health be maintained in the ill-ventilated stench producing hovels in which over half of our population is forced to live?

How can disease be cured when medical attention is curtailed on the one hand by a large fee and on the other by a small wage. The average worker in the tri-cities must work ten hours to pay for one visit of a physician. Many times the best prescription the doctor could give would be better food and healthier quarters.

In administering to the sick the doctor as well as his patient is a victim of our insane conditions, perhaps he does the best he can.

Thus we see that the facts of every day life give the lie to the epigramatic sentence which has called forth in this article. The actual conditions described are due to the private ownership of the means of life. Abolish this private ownership, substitute co-operative ownership, and then our epigram will become a truth.

P. L. H.

THE R. I. P. Co's. INSURANCE GRAFT

When a new man at the Rock Island Plow Company shops gets his first pay in his new pay book, he finds enclosed therewith a formidable looking circular explanatory of the accident insurance feature of the contract he had been compelled to sign before he could enter the shop as an employee.

The chances are nine in ten that the workman did not read the contract he had signed and therefore did not know that he had been insured in the company against accidents.

It is possible that even after reading the circular he does not

understand that he has been insured, hence he may think he must make a special contract with his employers in order to secure the benefits explained in the circular.

But when he looks at his time account he finds that he has been charged a premium of one per cent of his wages for protection against accidents which may befall him while actually engaged in his duties as an employee of the Rock Island Plow Co.

After studying the matter over for some days or weeks or months, it finally dawns upon his mind that that circular is in reality a sort of policy for a limited sum of money to be paid him in case of loss of time from accident the sum to be paid depending on his weekly wage and the time he may lose. It is in other words a policy issued to him by an Accident Insurance Company, incorporated under the laws of the state of Illinois for the purpose of manufacturing farming implements. He realizes also that in his pay book he has a receipt for the payment of his bi-weekly premium.

If he keeps his job for a year he will have received several circulars reminding him of the benevolence of his employers. As he receives circular after circular he will think about this insurance business more and more. Finally some day when things are slow in the shops he will begin to think out loud and his thoughts will be framed in words like these.

"I don't see why I have to be insured if I don't want to. It seems to me the premium is too high. Why I can carry insurance against accident and sick benefits, both for very little more. I wonder how much they get out of all the men who work here. Let me see, I guess the wages will average about $2.50 a day, that's 2½ cents a day per man on the average. There must be 600 men at work that makes $15.00 a day, if they run 240 days in the year that would be $3,600 a year. Whewh! I wish I had that much coming in. How much do they pay out? I wonder how much they have paid out since I have been here. Let me see. There was old Bill. No, he dropped dead while at work, that wasn't an accident, he was just worked to death, so he did not cost them anything. It was the same way with that kid who helped Dick. He fainted from the effects of heat or gas or both. Slim did the same thing, I don't know just how much time they missed. It wasn't

an accident with them. So they got nothing. I wonder why they don't have sick benefits. The kids might have got something then.

"Oh yes, there was Jake, he got knocked over by a pile of cultivator arches falling on him, but he wasn't out of work but half a day. I wonder if he put in a claim. Then there was that little Belgian, he got his hand mashed, he came back in about two days and tried to work, but couldn't, so he went home again and stayed three weeks. The Company would not pay him for the three weeks because he had come back to work in two days. He kicked like the devil, but it did no good. I bet he will watch out after this, and if he gets hurt he will stay out till he knows he can work. Crippie got wound up in his drill, they paid him 54 cents.

"I swear I never heard of any one getting very much out of it. A fellow is supposed to get half pay while laid up, but not longer than thirteen weeks.

"I forget what he gets if he's killed, I guess I'll hunt up my circular and find out when I get home. I don't know what they pay their doctor nor what they pay out. But it must be a good thing for the Company, surely $2,500 a year or more.

"Well I wouldn't mind it so much if the Company would report their insurance business once in a while, It's darned little reporting they do. It's us fellows that has got to report. I wish they would give some sort of an account so us policy holders would know where we are at. Besides I think it would be nothing more than fair if they would give us a dividend once in a while.

"I wonder why they do it anyhow. Some say they do it so they can't be sued for damages in case of accident, as according to law their contract releases them from any more liability than it calls for. I wonder if it isn't more for the protection of the Company than the men.

"Talk about graft in the big life insurance companies, it looks to me like the red, white and blue line has got the old lines skinned to death.

"I wonder if any body would resign if us policy holders should put our proxies in Tom Lawson's hands and start an investigation? There comes the boss, I guess I'd better hustle or I'll loose my job and then my policy would expire."

THE ONLY ORIGINAL SOCIALIST

It is getting to be a polite amusement to read up on Socialism a little. "I remember what they taught us in the political economy class at high school," says one, "But I'll spend a few days looking up on the subject to see what is thought of it now." It won't do you any good to call the man's attention to the fact that what is thought of Socialism now is of no more consequence than what was thought of it, in the days when he received genial misinformation in the political economy class at high school. It won't do any good to suggest that they read and find out what Socialists think of themselves. For they will go to Professor Ely and John Graham Brooks just the same, and having skipped all the sentences with long words in them, and marked a few passages with catch-phrases in, they will come to you and tell you what Socialism really is, you know.

For how should a mere Socialist know the real meaning of Socialism? Absurd! And why should a man read the Communist Manifesto when he can just as well read a denial, miscalled an explanation of Socialist classics. It is so much handier to have Ely or Brooks decide these things for you. You needn't waste your energy and use up your brain cells in thinking, when you have the pre-digested "Socialism" of Prof. Nincompoop ready to hand. Sure, no!

You have talked with these people, who know all about Socialism, what it thinks what it wants, what dangers it is likely to fall into, what it will finally evolve into, and why it is allowed to exist, anyhow, seeing that it is so generally cantankerous and lacking in authority for existing institutions, and in good taste as well. I have often pittied us poor Socialists for our stupidity, in failing to take advantage of this store of wisdom that lies at our feet, whereby we might become really wise, and vote for Theodore or William Randolph by way of conserving the best interests of the working class. It is so plain I wonder we don't see it, and yet we blunder along in our old-fashined way, talking about the class-struggle, and economic determinism, and other absurd things. Too bad!

If you have never read anything about Socialism, get Prof. Brooks' Social Unrest. You will know more about it by the time you are half way through than Karl Marx did. For this is the tone

that the author adopts: "These Socialists don't really know what they want. We know, you and I. Curious looking fellows, aren't they? But they have some good traits. But you mustn't pay any attention to what they say, that is, until I have explained to you what it means. For otherwise it is inflamatory and dangerous talk. But here is what they really mean. They don't know it, but we do. Come, let us reason together, and decide the fate of the Socialist party, whether it shall be allowed to grow and flourish as the bay tree, confining its activities, of course, to petitioning for reforms of not too radical a nature, or whether we shall get tired of its chattering, and sweep it off the face of the earth."

You know a clever young machinist, perhaps, who says he is going to vote the Socialist ticket, but who is sure we are going to bust the trusts. I knew a school-teacher who admitted bravely that she was a Socialist, and wanted the tariff revised, and the Christian spirit to prevail in business. These are hard nuts to crack. But you can tell them they are Populists, if you can say nothing else. But these only original Socialists, who despise the party and its organization, but know all about Socialism itself. I give it up. Free schools and liberty of the press—Say! (as our friend Hearst would remark) WHAT'S THE USE? DOES IT PAY?

THESITES.

THE DAVENPORT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The American people are fond of bragging of their splendid public school system. Some of the people who brag know the origin of the school system, and some of them don't. This is for the ones who don't.

We don't see what we could do without the free public schools now. But there was a time when the people did without them, and were just as proud of what they had then as we are of what we have now. The best schools then, in this land of the free and home of the brave, were on a par with the school that Dickens has immortalized in his Dotheboys Hall. That is to say, they were private institutions that shamefully expoited children and their ignorant parents. The public schools were in still worse case. In poor, ramshackle buildings, with poorly paid, despised teachers, and no

facilities at all, they were nevertheless, to the people of that day, an institution to be proud of.

But there was a man who could see in his mind's eye a better way of doing things. His name was Horace Mann. He was an eloquent speaker, and had a constructive imagination. These were his assets. With these, he struck into the cause of reforming the American public school system. Think what he was up against. He had first of all to combat the serene belief of the people that the system was the finest that could be devised, simply because it was American. He had the contemptuous indifference of the politicians to work against. He had the self-seeking of the teachers and the parsimony of school boards to overcome.

But he butted right in. He went from state to state, speaking before the legislatures and assemblies and anybody he could get to listen to him. He converted people, one by one—he shamed them rather. He opened their eyes to actual conditions. After they had listened to him for a while, they were not so proud of the school system as they were before. They let up, and kept still while a few people who could do something, did it. The result of it all is that the school system was renovated. New buildings were built. Competent teachers were hired. Pedagogy became a science, instead of a menial occupation.

You will observe, if you please, that the American people were very proud of what they afterwards tried to forget had ever existed. They were as proud, say, as the citizens of Davenport are now of their new high school—and why shouldn't they be proud? It cost a lot of money, and it is thoroughly modern, and will be done some time this year, and we have a perfect right to be proud. Sure! The report of the board of education for 1903 has a very pretty architect's elevation of it, that is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

And while you are looking at that report, I want to call your attention to some items in the report of the superintendent for that year. The school census of Davenport, we are told, is 12,005. The enrollment is 6,995, and the average attendance 5,527. That is to say, more than half of the school children of Davenport between the ages of 5and 21 are not beginning, continuing or finishing their education. Don't stop me to ask what they are doing, instead, for I have some other statistics that are of interest. There were, at the time of this report. 139 teachers, of all kinds. That is to say, there

was one teacher to each 40 pupils. In a class of 40, during a period of 30 minutes, the attention that each pupil will get individually, is a problem for those acute persons who figured out how old was Ann. Let us continue: Fourteen schools, 144 rooms, and paid out for all purposes, $216,009—No! let us be just. it was $216,-069.62. There is only one thing left uncomputed. That is the total area of school ground in the city. Or perhaps they left that out from a dislike for fractions.

For the high school, the enrollment was 561, and the attendance 431. By comparison with the other tables, we come to these facts, as stated by the superintendent, that "less than one-third of those who enter the first grade pass through the ninth, and less than two-thirds of these graduates go to high school. In other words, to again quote the superintendent's report, the most of the young people that are today growing up to take on the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, are leaving school without even the rudiments of an education.

Can you see? What does the new high school amount to before that? Oh, we need a new Horace Mann, to point the finger of scorn at our most boasted educational institutions, until we blush with shame. We need to have the veil of falsehood and ignorance torn off the American public school system, so that we can see things as they are. We need a new Horace Mann, I say, another Horace Mann!

Let us view these things in a broad way, and see their causes and effects. To be sure, the conditions of which I have just spoken are a corollary of capitalism, are the logical result of the struggle for existence, through child-labor and administration of affairs for the benefit of the employing class. But even for capitalism, this is a pretty bad state of things. Not that it is not worse elsewhere, but it is much better in many places, not any better situated than Davenport. Nor is it the mere matter of the children failing to go to school that is the trouble. As it is, it is a question if the hard, silly and profitless apprenticeship to business or handicraft through which those children go who leave school "without even the rudiments of an education,"—it is a question if this is not, nevertheless about as well as going to school, under the circumstances.

Ask some school teacher here, if Davenport hasn't the poorest

school-system in the United States, and see how far he confirms what I say. It is not my intention to go into detail and say how a city should run its schools. It would be the easiest thing in the world to tell how a community that had any sense of unity, and any idea of its duties to its citizens, would go to work, but that is not my purpose. I want to say that there are American cities, set in the midst of the same fierce struggle for existence, coping with the same problems of child labor and limitations of finance, that have evolved a live school system. For a more joyless, interest-lacking, mechanical, hum-drum school system than that of Davenport would be hard to find, unless you came over the river to Rock Island!

By the time this article is printed, we shall probably have a new superintendent, a new high school principal, and a new—political economy teacher in the high school. As to the last of these, I hope that he will know more about economic determinism than his predecessor did, and be less unscrupulous in teaching the pupils what these wicked Socialists want. But as to the two former, it is just possible that there may result some real advancement from their efforts. One of them knows what a high school is, and what it is for—a truly astonishing fact in a high school principal,—and the other needs only a little jolt now and then to keep him from falling into the deadly sleep of self-satisfaction. But both of them are able to do great things for Davenport's public schools. You and I and a few other people of whom these high and mighty personages take no account, will watch with curiosity their efforts to do something. Should they deign to ask us what we think we will tell them. Perhaps we will tell them anyway. But we will wait a month to see if they ask us first.

JOHN SMITH, Sr.

SAM JONES OF DAVENPORT

Sam Jones was an up-to-date working man. He worked steady while there was work. He had a family, lived comfortable most of the time in a house for which he paid $12 a month rent. He took a drink occasionally and was an all around good fellow, living a happy go lucky kind of a life until he met a real estate man.

This real estate man got hold of Sam one day and proved to

him by figures, signs and examples that he could buy cheaper than rent, be his own landlord, own his own home and as property was advancing in price he would grow richer every day through the the increase in value of the property. In a few years he could have it paid for and by that time it would be double its present value.

Our good Sam took the good advice of the good real estate man. It was just two years ago. Sam gave to the real estate man all the money he had saved up during the most prosperous times ever seen in the most prosperous country in the world.

Winter came, work slackened, Sam's pay got less, for a while he got no work at all, so he soon had no money in his pocket. Sam had no landlord, no rent, but instead he had water, taxes, insurance, interest and payments on the note he had given. All these bills which amounted to about $17.75 per month he had to meet. So Sam did without his drink, went shivering along the streets looking for work in his old overcoat, and his summer underwear. Sam's wife had to wear the old clothes she had bought before she owned a home of her own. The children began to look seedy and cried to stay away from school because they did not look nice. Even Santa Claus who always came to see them, thought less of them and gave but scanty presents out of his great load.

Sam's face lost its happy expression and took on a surly care-worn look.

Summer came and with it more work and more pay, but the increased pay could not go for new clothes for himself, wife or children. He could not buy a can of beer for his dinner as he did the summers before he owned his home. This pay all went for back taxes, for payments on house for interest and interest on interest past due.

The butcher had to wait, also the grocery man. This cut Sam to the quick for he had always prided himself that he worked for what he got and always paid his bills. Always before if work was slack he could go to his savings and keep square with the world.

But now Sam's savings were in his home and he must use all his wages to keep his friend the real estate man from foreclosing the mortgage. He had to go in debt in the most prosperous part of the most prosperous year of the most prosperous country on the

face of the earth, even though he was working every day, none of the family were sick, and he had no rent to pay—just because he had traded his landlord for a real estate man. "But" said Sam to his wife in his new solemn tone, "even if we do have to be more saving now, in a few years if we keep our health we will have the house paid for, then we will have a place of our own in which to live when we are old."

"Say Sam," said one of his neighbors as they were going to work one day, "What is the use of us living in the west end, while we are working in the east end? Now it is the easiest thing in the world to get a house, and cheap too, what is the use of paying car fare and eating cold dinner. I'm going to move next week, you better come along." "I can't move, says Sam, I own my house."

One pay day evening Sam went into his groceryman's, "Say, Mr. Smith," said he, "could you get along with $10 on that bill of mine this time, I hope to be able to pay it all soon?" Mr. Smith replied, "I should like to accommodate you further, Sam, you have always been a good customer and good pay. I know you are honest, but I have my obligations to meet and I'm awfully close run myself. I cannot possibly do more for you than I have done."

Well said Sam, "I don't know what I'm to do, I wish I could sell my house." "That is the only thing I see left for you to do, you have been paying on that about two years if you could sell, you might pay up all you owe and have something left, but if you are going to sell, the sooner the better. for property is going down again, things can't stay up all the time."

"Yes, I bought my house twenty months ago for $1,650, paid $250 cash, have paid $15 a month since, which makes $300, $170 of that was for interest and $130 principle, so I owe now $1,270. It ought to be worth $2,000 according to what I was told when I bought it. I was offered $1,150 for it the other day. I have spent considerable for repairs, and the house is in better shape than when I bought it, I ought to get any how what I paid for it." "That will be hard to do," said the groceryman. "Well do the very best you can, he concluded. So Sam paid him $13 and went out.

In about two weeks Sam moved up to the east end.

One day when he came back from his warm dinner with a smile on his face, the first one he had worn for months. Pat said to him

"Well Sam, I hear you have bought a house up here. You must be getting rich. I don't see how you do it. You get no better wages than I, and you have a bigger family. Now you have bought two houses in three years and I am still renting." "What did you do with your money," asked Sam, "I spent it," said Pat, "I didn't" said Sam. But I wish I had, he thought to himself. The smile left his face, but he did not explain to Pat that he had lost his house in the west end and was renting in the east.

REFLEX.

A CANDY FACTORY FROM THE INSIDE

It may interest some of those whose policy is "Sweets to the sweet," to know something of the conditions under which candies are made. Candy factories are different, of course, but they all have certain features in common. I will try to describe these.

A good-sized candy factory consists, besides the smell, and the shipping department, of these places—where the chocolates are made, where the stick candy, peanut-bar, caramels, etc., are made, and where the wrapping is done. If I should describe the former, I would give the impression that they are dirtier than they really are, when dirty chocolate-tubs are scraped out in the annual invoice, and the precious substance melted up for chocolate caramels. This is not positively unhealthy. People thrive on all sorts of stuff. And if you are finikey, buy the costlier goods.

Chocolate-dipping is a profession, if an easily learned one. Dippers that have become deft and quick, make very good wages in and before the Christmas holidays, when production goes on at a breakneck speed. In the summer when trade is slack, many are laid off, and there is often not much to do. Chocolate-dipping is piece work, and girls anywhere in their teens are able to do it.

Stick candy is cooked in a huge copper vacuum-pan, a hundred to hundred and fifty pounds at a time. It is then dumped on a large table of stone, flavored and left to cool. Then it is pulled. Did you ever pull candy? Dismiss the idea that it is fun. It is for a new boy simply torture. A little starch scarcely alleviates the exquisite pain of the red-hot substance that must be thrown over the

iron hook over and over again. And the others stand around and laugh when you howl with the pain.

Boys that look no older than nine years do this work; nine to fifteen, and $2 to $3,50 a week is the wages.

Let us suppose you are one of these boys. While you are watching the blisters raise on your suffering finger-tips, the candy is being made into a pattern. A stick eighteen inches long and a foot in diameter is made, in the design, perhaps of a star or a flower. When this is pulled out and lengthened, it becomes a row of sticks twenty feet long and half and inch thick, and when these are cut in sizes you have your stick candy.

Marshmellows and the white filler that is inside the brown coat of the chocolate bon-bon are poured into moulds of starch. Other boys, called starch-monkeys, make these molds and take out the hardened candies. They work in the starch-room, are coated with white from head to foot, and continually breathe an atmosphere that is 90 per cent starch. I don't know whether it is unhealthy or not. I never saw any of them actually die of it.

The candy is made of sugar and glucose, coloring matter and flavoring. The two former are weighed out by the man who runs the vacuum-pan. The price of candy depends on the amount of sugar in it. A cheap candy is half glucose. Some candies are made all of sugar, with honest cream of tartar, but most of that advertised as made of cream tartar and A 1 sugar is in reality 70 per cent New Orleans and 30 per cent glucose. Glucose is said to be detrimental to health. I never saw anyone actually die of that, either. A good many people eat colored glucose on their pancakes under the name of maple syrup, at 10 cents a can, and really think it is good.

Cleaning-up time is on Saturday afternoon. Half the afternoon is given up to a general scrubbing of things. And, good heavens, they need it! If there is any place dirtier than a candy factory on Saturday noon I have yet to see it. The floor is a half-inch thick in places with candy and dirt. Of course it has its twice-a-day sweeping with a broom, but that doesn't keep it clean. It serves another purpose, though, that of economy. All the candy found in the sweepings is picked out and thrown into a barrel by itself. When a sufficient amount of "scrap" is accumulated, it is boiled, strained and set away in an open barrel. When horehound candy

is made, this is used for coloring, about thirty pounds in a hundred of candy. That is what makes horehound candy taste so good. Sure!

On Saturday, then, boiling water is poured on the floors, and the filth scraped off with spades and swept to the sink. Do they save this, too? No. I'm sure I don't know why. It's a terrible waste.

On a July afternoon, covered with sweat, rushed at headlong speed, a dozen little boys will be working ankle-deep in water and filth, (who will do the dirty work under Socialism? Well, I'll be darned if we'll make the babies do it!) So the place is cleaned up spick and span, and on Monday the foreman takes the visitors through.

The man who cooks the candy has troubles peculiarly his own. He finds it extremely easy to burn himself on one of the many steam-pipes, and on Saturday has a choice collection of half-healed sores on his arms and hands. The huge copper kettle and vacuum-pan must be cleaned. And the stuff he cleans it with is powdered tartaric acid. This is what lemon-drops are flavored with, by the way. Now, tartaric acid is one of the worst things there are to get in a cut or sore. So he scrubs away at the kettle until the acid gets well into his sores, or spatters in his eyes. And then? Then he keeps on scrubbing. Hurt! Deliver me into a den of lions, if you will, but please, oh please don't put tartaric acid in my cuts! So he works on in agony, scrubbing the still hot metal, and assuming grotesque attitudes in the attempt to get at inconvenient places. But at last it is all over. The place shines with a beauty that is entirely too lovely to last, and next Monday morning's batch of sugar and glucose is simmering away in the kettle. Such is happiness!

The girls that do the wrapping haven't a great deal of hard work to do, neither are their pay envelopes very heavy. They have to wrap fast, though, and are usually not allowed to talk. Girls ten years old can be found doing this work, though more often you will see girls of eighteen or nineteen years, who have a home and merely want some pin-money, holding down the job at $2 and $3 per week.

In the winter, for several months before Christmas, things are rushed. There is no time to stop to clean up, so everything attains such a filthiness that a respectable hog would decline to sleep there.

Where ten batches of stick candy of 100 pounds each, are made, in the summer, thirteen double batches a day is the winter rate. Night work is frequent, half an hour is time enough for dinner, and supper is a bite snatched between batches. Two vacuum-pans are kept in alternate action, one batch boiling in the open kettle while the other cooks under the vacuum. This is not without its danger, as the gauges must be left unwatched while the next batch is being weighed out, and if the pump is in bad condition, as it usually is, being entrusted to incompetent hands for the sake of cheapness, the vacuum may get too low. This means that the steam accumulating inside the closed pan is not being drawn out. Too much pressure, and a hundred and fifty pounds of boiling hot candy will go up in the air, and scald him to death coming down. But he takes the risk for a dollar a day.

If you demand what is the use of this article, I shall be slashed. But at any rate you have learned why horehound candy tastes so good, and why small boys like chocolate caramels. Is not that enough?

SALLY THOMPSON.

NO PARALLEL IN HISTORY

I venture to say that history does not afford anything like a parallel to the Socialist movement. There has been nothing like it. It is the only movement of modern times that has one drop of blood in it, one spark of fire, one ray of hope. Its face is towards the future. It has sprung from no momentary impulse. It is the product of no temporary passion. It comes not from the caves and dens of ignorance. It builds its fair structure on no foundation of tradition or superstition. Back of this Socialist movement, which is overspreading Europe and permeating America, are the greatest forces of history and life. It is the product of science; of knowledge, of freedom, of thought, of democratic ideals and experience. Back of it is enlightenment, progress, power. It is the uprising of humanity. It is the utterance of that in human life which the priests of tradition and the politicians of expediency have never dreamed of. On its broad bosom floats the hopes and joys and fulfillments of humanity. Nothing stays its course. It comes up the east like the dawn. It rolls onward to its fulfillment with the rhythm and swing of the planets in their orbits. Gravitation is not more elemental or sure than the triumph of this vast struggle of humanity for its long deferred rights. To know this movement, to breathe in its atmosphere, to co-operate in its consummation, is to live—nothing else is.
—Rev. William Thurston Brown.

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